YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #2

COME DIE WITH ME

BY JAMIE ANDERSON

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
Time traveller's companion.

NORRIS:
(M, 50s) Erudite dinner host. Believes himself to be the greatest intellect in the universe.

BRYER:
(F, 40+) The housekeeper. Polite and warm.

MORECOMBE:
(M, 30s) Arrogant dinner guest.

ALSO: TORTURED MOANING SOULS.

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PRE-TITLES:

SCENE 1: INT. TARDIS — CONSOLE ROOM

FX: ACE HESITANTLY TAPS COMMANDS INTO THE CONSOLE.

DOCTOR:
Ace, I thought you said you were sure?

ACE:
Just checking the co-ordinates… for luck.

DOCTOR:
(MOCKING) Luck?!

ACE:
I'm pretty sure I know what went wrong last time… (STOPS TAPPING) There.

DOCTOR:
So, where are we going?

ACE:
Hold your horses. I don't want to jinx it. — Here goes.

FX: ACTIVATES SHIP. TIME ROTOR JUDDERS. SOMETHING IS WRONG. TIMESCOOP EFFECT — REF. *FIVE DOCTORS* & *JUGGERNAUTS*.

DOCTOR:
Ace?! What have you done…?!

FX: BACK TO NORMAL.

ACE:
(CONFIDENCE RESTORED) It's fine. Just a little hiccup.

DOCTOR:
In all my centuries piloting the TARDIS, I don't think I've once managed to make her 'hiccup'!

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: INT. NORRIS' MANSION — DRAWING ROOM

FX: CLOCK CHIMES 8PM. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.

ACE:
Oh, no…!

FX: THEY STEP OUT.

DOCTOR:
Not what you were expecting?

ACE:
Too bloomin' right it isn't! You know I don't get on with creepy old houses.

DOCTOR:
Old age isn't a bad thing, Ace!

FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSED.

ACE:
It's still creepy. Just look at it! Rubbish old rugs, dusty old ornaments…

DOCTOR:
A typical nineteenth-century English drawing-room, in almost every respect.

ACE:
Almost…? (LOOKS ROUND; REALISATION) The light fittings!

DOCTOR:
Curious, aren't they?

ACE:
You'd have thought this place would have gas lamps, it's so ancient. These look well spacey.

DOCTOR:
Vintaric crystal lighting. Doors with an optolenoid locking system…

ACE:
All rather anachronistic and non-terrestrial?

DOCTOR:
Precisely.

ACE:
Now this place seems even more creepy.

MAN [DR BERRY]:
(DISTANT. THROUGH DOORS — A SCREAM)

ACE:
What did I tell you?

DOCTOR:
Quickly, Ace!

FX: THEY RUN. CROSSFADE TO:

SCENE 3: INT. HALLWAY

FX: FADE IN — ACE AND DOCTOR RUN UP TO DOOR.

ACE:
It came from this end of the hallway, I'm sure of it! Got to be in here —

FX: TURNS DOOR KNOB. DOOR CREAKS. GENTLE HUM FROM A TECHNOLOGICAL ARTEFACT IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM BEYOND.

DOCTOR:
Careful, Ace.

ACE:
It's a library. Nobody inside, I don't think.

DOCTOR:
A very well-stocked library, by the look of it. (OBSERVES) With a very unusual centrepiece.

ACE:
(MOVING FORWARD) What, the space lectern?

DOCTOR:
That's no lectern. Ace, stop! Do not. Go into. The library.

ACE:
Why not?

DOCTOR:
Because if I didn't know better, I'd say that [was a]

ACE:
(INTERRUPTING) Doesn't matter — there's another door. At the far end of the hallway, see?

FX: FOLLOW ACE AS SHE RUSHES TO ANOTHER DOOR.

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND) Ace, wait…!

ACE:
(AT DOOR) Come on! Maybe they went through here!

FX: ACE TURNS DOOR KNOB. CREAKS OPEN, INTO:

SCENE 4: INT. THE PARLOUR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: ACE BARRELS THROUGH DOOR… TO STOP.

ACE:
Nope. No-one in the parlour, neither. This is turning into a proper mystery!

DOCTOR:
(FOLLOWING) I said to wait.

FX: CLOSES DOOR BEHIND.

ACE:
Yeah, and what if whoever-that-was can't wait?

FX: FROM BEHIND FAR DOOR —

NORRIS & MORECOMBE:
(BEHIND DOOR: LAUGHING — AFTER-DINNER HAW-HAWING AT EACH OTHER)

ACE:
Oh great, now the spooky ethereal laughter.

DOCTOR:
(CROSSING TO FAR DOOR) Oh, I wouldn't say that was ethereal. (CROSSING FLOOR) Whoever's in the next room, I'd say they were very much corporeal.

ACE:
(FOLLOWING) Real people? You're sure?

DOCTOR:
Ssh! I'm trying to listen…!

ACE:
Eavesdroppers never hear any good about themselves, that's what Mrs Parkinson used [to say.]

DOCTOR:
Ssh!

BRYER:
(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Thank you, sir, will there be anything else?

NORRIS:
(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Perhaps you could bring in our guests? They should have arrived by now.

MORECOMBE:
(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) I didn't hear the door.

NORRIS:
(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Nonetheless — Mrs Bryer, perhaps you could check?

BRYER:
(OFF, BEHIND DOOR) Very good, Sir. (WALKS OFF)

ACE:
Well?

DOCTOR:
It seems that we're expected. Perhaps we should introduce ourselves?

ACE:
But what about that scream?

DOCTOR:
Go and look, if you must.

ACE:
Alright, I will! (TURNING BACK)

DOCTOR:
Just whatever you do: (FIRMLY) Do not. Go into. The library.

ACE:
(WHISPERING) *Why not?*

DOCTOR:
Because. — I'll see you shortly.

FX: OPENS DOOR.

ACE:
(HISSED) That's not a good enough reason! — Doctor!!!

CROSS TO:

SCENE 5: INT. DINING ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DOCTOR:
Good evening… gentlemen.

NORRIS:
Ah! My dear Doctor! So glad you could join us.

DOCTOR:
I didn't realise I was expected.

NORRIS:
But of course! You're my guest! Please. Be seated.

DOCTOR:
(MOVING AROUND TABLE) Thank you, Mister…?

NORRIS:
Forgive me. Where are my manners? I am your host for the evening — you may call me Mister Norris. And this is my other guest, Mister Morecombe.

MORECOMBE:
There were more of us, of course, but… (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:
More of you…?

NORRIS:
You've just missed Doctor Berry — such a shame.

MORECOMBE:
And Ms… Thingy, earlier.

NORRIS:
Yes, the charming Ms Zingiber was with us earlier, too — but alas: she had to make an untimely exit, also.

DOCTOR:
I see. W[e] — (CORRECTS SELF) … *I* thought I heard a scream, a moment or two ago. Is everything alright?

NORRIS:
Oh Doctor, there's no need to worry — it's just a game. And soon it will be your turn to play.

DOCTOR:
Excellent! I do love a game. (BEAT) What game, exactly?

NORRIS:
Doctor, you disappoint me.

MORECOMBE:
Not a good start. Isn't it obvious?

DOCTOR:
Hmmm… an old country house. A dinner. A scream. An ever-decreasing number of dinner guests… Ah-ha! A murder mystery!

NORRIS:
Precisely, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Marvellous! I look forward to seeing how it all unfolds. But I must warn you that games, and, well — winning them — is something I'm rather good at.

NORRIS:
Ah, then you're unaware of my reputation? (COLD) Nobody comes to my house and beats me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Is that so?

NORRIS:
Would you care to explain, Mister Morecombe?

MORECOMBE:
(BROWN-NOSING) Mister Norris is, without a shadow of a doubt, the greatest intellect in the entire universe, Doctor.

NORRIS:
So you really don't have a hope of winning, I'm afraid.

DOCTOR:
I see. May I ask, what are the stakes in this 'game', exactly?

NORRIS:
Very high, Doctor. Very high indeed.

SCENE 6: INT. HALLWAY

FX: ACE PADS BACK TO LIBRARY DOOR.

ACE:
(TO SELF, IMPERSONATING DOCTOR) "Do not. Go into. The library." — Still: a peek through the doorway's not "into", right?

FX: SHE OPENS IT; WHEREUPON A DISTORTED GHOULISH MOAN ESCAPES THE ROOM. SHE CLOSES IT QUICKLY.

ACE:
(EXHALING) OK, sinister moaning from nowhere. — Really hate these spooky old places.

BRYER:
(BEHIND HER; CLEARS HER THROAT)

ACE:
ARGH! — Who are you?

BRYER:
(WALKING FORWARD) The library is out of bounds, my dear, unless you have express permission.

ACE:
I should have known: scary old house, scary old housekeeper.

BRYER:
I'm Mrs Bryer. You must be the Doctor's… 'companion'?

ACE:
Ace. (GOING BACK TO PARLOUR DOOR) Well, if the Doctor's introduced himself —

BRYER:
Not the dining-room, my dear. The men are talking.

ACE:
Big deal.

BRYER:
Whereas you and I have far more important matters to discuss.

ACE:
Like what?

BRYER:
Come with me, to the kitchen. Please, come along. Housekeeper I may be, but I'm not as old and scary as you seem to think.

FX: THEY LEAVE.

SCENE 7: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: WINE BEING POURED.

DOCTOR:
So, Mr Norris — how did you contrive to summon me here?

NORRIS:
Now, now Doctor — that would be telling. But I'm afraid I had no choice. You hadn't replied to my invitation.

DOCTOR:
Lost in the post? Still, perhaps I can take a wild guess:

NORRIS:
Oh, I doubt it'll be a guess, Doctor. I'm well aware that you are highly intelligent.

DOCTOR:
Interception by Timescoop!

NORRIS:
Bravo, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
I recognised the effects. The ideal means for scooping up unsuspecting dinner guests, I suppose.

NORRIS:
(SIPS DRINK) Indeed it is, although the majority of my guests come of their own volition, in the hope of winning the game.

MORECOMBE:
Me, for example!

DOCTOR:
Is that right? Why exactly did you come here, Mr Morecombe?

MORECOMBE:
My employer sent me, Doctor. The company I work for has been keeping an eye on Mr Norris for some time now. They wish me to win the game on their behalf.

DOCTOR:
But what for? What's the prize?!

NORRIS:
My library, of course. My collection.

SCENE 8: INT. THE KITCHEN

FADE IN.

FX: TEA POURED.

ACE:
A game?! Sounds more like kidnapping to me!

BRYER:
My dear, I don't think you realise how high the stakes are in Mister Norris's game. — Tea?

ACE:
No, thank you.

BRYER:
Mister Norris has found that men, and women, are willing to risk everything for the prize — whether they came here willingly, or by… alternative means.

ACE:
Yeah, well, the Doctor's not so stupid he'll walk right into the lion's mouth. Probably.

BRYER:
Don't be so sure. My husband and I were his guests many years ago. But Daniel lost the game, so I lost Daniel.

ACE:
Lost him? How?

BRYER
After that, I refused to play. For some reason, Norris took pity on me. Although I suspect he took some pleasure in seeing me suffer. So he let me stay on as the housekeeper.

ACE:
But why don't you just leave? Surely you could run away, tell the authorities about what this Norris is up to?

BRYER:
Alas, not. There is no way off this planetoid, except for the Timescoop.

ACE:
Timescoop? — Norris' "alternative means", you mean?

BRYER:
Yes. He keeps it in the conservatory. But I'm afraid I haven't the faintest idea how to use it. Plus… I still live in hope.

ACE:
Hope?! What are you hoping for?

BRYER:
I don't know if it's the truth, or if Norris is just taunting me, but he's hinted — every now and again — that Daniel could somehow be brought back if Norris desired it.

ACE:
And you can't throw away that chance, I get it.

BRYER:
That's the hope that I cling too. I must.

ACE:
How long has Norris been playing this game?

BRYER:
Well, I've been here for a little over three years. We have twelve guests every weekend, so…

ACE:
What?! That's insane!

BRYER:
In fact, I'll tell you how many it is. We had a guest earlier this evening who was quite the human calculator — Ms Zingiber, a lovely girl! Anyway, she worked out that one thousand eight hundred and sixty eight lives have been lost here. Some of the greatest minds from across all time and space…

ACE:
And Norris added her to the tally?

BRYER:
No, actually. Ms Zingiber was our first ever escapee.

ACE:
So you **can** escape from here!

BRYER:
Only if you know how to operate the Timescoop. She watched Mr Norris do it. She must have memorised the commands, and then somehow reversed it all to make her escape. You would have liked her, my dear. In fact, you remind me of her, a little.

SCENE 9: INT. DINING ROOM

NORRIS:
The situation is quite straightforward. I have brought together a marvellous variety of dinner guests, only there's a problem:

DOCTOR:
Let me guess: someone keeps killing them?

NORRIS:
Indeed, there is a murderer at large in this house. Each of my guests is given one chance to identify that murderer. When their turn comes, they will have five minutes to enter their answer into the library's computer.

DOCTOR:
And if they're wrong… the murderer comes for them.

FX: CLOCK CHIMES ONCE.

NORRIS:
Goodness me, half-past eight already. Mister Morecombe, it's your turn.

MORECOMBE:
My turn. Right.

DOCTOR:
Tell me, Mister Morecombe — what's so extraordinary about Mister Norris's collection, that you'd play for such high stakes?

MORECOMBE:
Well, that's obvious —

NORRIS:
Now, Doctor. You mustn't go putting Mister Morecombe off.

MORECOMBE:
No, no. It's just…

NORRIS:
What's the matter, Morecombe? Earlier, you seemed so confident that you'd cracked it. Before the Doctor arrived.

MORECOMBE:
I am, yes. Quite confident! (HE'S NOT)

NORRIS:
You wouldn't want to miss your turn, Mister Morecombe. If you did, and the Doctor won — why, your employers would be terribly upset.

DOCTOR:
I'm not playing, Norris.

NORRIS:
(REPROACHFULLY) Doctor. You're playing now, I think.

DOCTOR:
Don't listen to him, Mister Morecombe!

MORECOMBE:
It's my turn. I must play!

FX: MORECOMBE PUSHES HIS CHAIR BACK FROM THE TABLE AND STANDS.

DOCTOR:
Are you sure? Are you absolutely certain that you've solved the mystery?

NORRIS:
No conferring! — Please.

MORECOMBE:
Don't worry, Mister Norris. I know the rules. Doctor — I'm so certain, I'd… I'd stake my life on it!

FX: MORECOMBE MARCHES TOWARDS DOOR.

DOCTOR:
You don't have to go, Mister Morecombe! In fact, I'd strongly advise against it!

MORECOMBE:
(OPENING DOOR) And let you take the prize? Do you take me for a fool?

FX: MORECOMBE EXITS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

NORRIS:
(CALLING AFTER) Goodbye, Mister Morecombe!

DOCTOR:
I get the feeling, Mister Norris, that there might be a slightly biased element to your 'game'.

NORRIS:
Doctor, are you suggesting the game is rigged?

DOCTOR:
Not necessarily, but I'm not sure that you're giving your guests a fair chance.

NORRIS:
You'll get your turn soon enough. If I were you, Doctor, I'd begin to consider the problem of the murderer's identity.

DOCTOR:
Well, the choices seem rather limited. Who lives in this house?

NORRIS:
I live here with my housekeeper, Mrs Bryer. That is all.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm sure the chances of winning this game are rather less than fifty-fifty.

SCENE 10: INT. LIBRARY

FX: DOOR KNOB TURNS. CREAKS. MORECOMBE ENTERS. LIBRARY DOOR SLAMS AND BOLT AUTOMATICALLY BEHIND HIM.

MORECOMBE:
(STARTLED) Ah! — Of course. Locked in. Pull yourself together, Morecombe.

FX: PULSING 'COUNTDOWN' BEAT STARTS UP, TICKING DOWN SECONDS.

(STARTLED AGAIN) What's that? — A countdown? (CALLING) Is that your idea, Mister Norris? Counting down five minutes, to add to the peril? (TO SELF) Of course it is.

FX: WALKS OVER TO HUMMING MEMORIALISER MACHINE.

Come on. You know the answer. Only one possible answer. Just type it into the terminal. (SCOFFING) Five minutes. (CALLING) Five minutes?! As if I'd need five minutes!

FX: CRACKS KNUCKLES.

This is it. And the winning answer, for the prize, the promotion and the raise, is…

FX: TYPES TWO THEN SIX LETTERS ON KEYBOARD.

And — enter.

FX: TRIUMPHANTLY HITS ENTER.

(BEAT)

FX: NEGATIVE COMPUTER SOUND. FROM ALL AROUND:

TORTURED SOULS:
(GHOULISH GROANS — BUILDING THROUGH:)

MORECOMBE:
Wrong?! How is that possible?!

FX: FRANTICALLY TYPES KEYS. SOUNDS INCREASE.

No! Please no!

FX: BUILDS.

TORTURED SOULS:
(MOANS AND GROANS)

SCENE 11: INT. KITCHEN

MORECOMBE:
(DISTANT SCREAMS ECHO INTO KITCHEN. DIE OFF QUICKLY THROUGH:)

ACE:
What was that?! Another murder?

BRYER:
Yes, I'm afraid so. Poor Mister Morecombe.

ACE:
That was from the library. No question! Well, I've had enough of doing nothing.

FX: ACE PUSHES CHAIR BACK. BRYER DOES LIKEWISE.

BRYER:
Please, Ace. You can't go in the library.

ACE:
"Do not. Go into. The library." Creepy old woman, just get out of my way!

BRYER:
It's for your own good.

ACE:
Something's not right about all this. There's something you're not telling me!

BRYER:
I've told you — (HESITANT) I've told you as much as I dare.

ACE:
Then I'll have to find out for myself. (EFFORT AS SHE SHOVES BRYER ASIDE)

BRYER:
(SHOVED) Ahh!

FX: AS ACE RUSHES OUT:

BRYER:
Wait! Please…!

FX: SHE FOLLOWS.

SCENE 12: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: DOCTOR PACES AROUND THE ROOM.

DOCTOR:
You knew Morecombe would get it wrong — didn't you, Norris?

NORRIS:
I've seen hundreds come and go from this dining table, Doctor. Most of them think they've solved the mystery — by deduction, by instinct, perhaps by an overwhelming belief in their own good fortune. But no-one ever has.

DOCTOR:
Like lambs to the slaughter.

NORRIS:
I see you, Doctor. Thinking. Calculating. Cogitating. Trying to work it out. Not long now, Doctor…

DOCTOR:
I told you: I'm not playing.

NORRIS:
Oh, Doctor. (HEAVY HINT) I can read you like a book.

DOCTOR:
Or you're hoping you'll be able to, perhaps…?

NORRIS:
Very good, Doctor! You have been paying attention!

DOCTOR:
I'm right, then. Just one question though, Norris: what's to stop me leaving in my TARDIS right now?

SCENE 13: INT. HALLWAY/LIBRARY

FX: ACE RUNS TO HALT.

ACE:
Here goes nothing —

FX: TURNS DOOR KNOB. CREAK AS BEFORE.

BRYER:
(OFF, RUNNING UP) Ace! Please, you mustn't-!

ACE:
Not interested!

FX: SHE ENTERS LIBRARY. TECHNOLOGICAL HUM.

ACE:
OK, space lectern. What is it with that…?

FX: SUDDENLY, DOOR CREAKS, SLAMS SHUT. DOOR BOLTS, AS BEFORE.

ACE:
What the…?!

BRYER:
(BEHIND DOOR, IN HALLWAY) Oh, Ace! I told you not to go into the library!

FX: ACE TRIES KNOB. IT WON'T BUDGE.

ACE:
Door knob won't budge. — Have you locked me in here?!

BRYER:
(BEHIND DOOR) The room seals up automatically!

ACE:
Now you tell me!

FX: PULSING 'COUNTDOWN' BEAT STARTS UP, TICKING DOWN SECONDS.

ACE:
Hold on — what's that noise…?

BRYER:
(BEHIND DOOR; PANICKING) Stay calm, Ace!

ACE:
I am calm! (SUSPICION) Why aren't you…?

FX: CROSS BACK TO HALLWAY.

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR, IN LIBRARY) I said, why aren't you calm?!

FX: IN B/G, NORRIS AND DOCTOR RUSHING UP.

BRYER:
Try not to panic. I'll fetch Mister Norris!

ACE:
Never mind him, fetch the Doctor…!

DOCTOR:
(ARRIVING) I'm already here.

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor? Is that you? Doctor, I'm locked in!

NORRIS:
Dear me, Doctor. So you weren't unaccompanied. I warned Mrs Bryer you might not be.

DOCTOR:
Oh, the housekeeper. (TO BRYER) Hello.

FX: ACE BANGING ON DOOR.

ACE:
Stop chit-chatting and let me out of here!!!

NORRIS:
Alas, it seems your young companion is going to have to play the game, too.

DOCTOR:
Let her out of there! Now!

NORRIS:
I can't do that, Doctor. The whole process is automated from this point. I can no more let her out than I can let you in. (FAUX SINCERITY) There's really nothing I can do.

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor, there's this noise. I think it's a countdown!

NORRIS:
Well, yes. It all adds to the peril.

DOCTOR:
Ace! Look on the memorialiser panel!

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) On the what?!

DOCTOR:
On the ‘space lectern’! There should be a display!

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Hang about. (GOES OFF)

BEAT.

DOCTOR:
Ace? What does it say?

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR; RETURNING) Three point four two, three point four one… it’s minutes, isn’t it?

NORRIS:
Oh, yes.

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Minutes ’til what? Doctor!!!

FX: DOCTOR CLICKS FINGERS. HE’S GOT AN IDEA.

DOCTOR:
Timescoop. (BEAT) Mrs Bryer! Where’s the timescoop?

BRYER:
[It’s—]

NORRIS:
(SIMULTANEOUSLY) Don’t tell him!

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Oh, oh! She said! The conservatory!

NORRIS:
(REPROACHFULLY) Mrs Bryer…!

BRYER:
I’m sorry, Mister Norris…

DOCTOR:
Beside the drawing-room we landed in, I suppose?

BRYER:
Err…

DOCTOR:
Your hesitation speaks volumes. Thank you, Mrs Bryer! Hold on, Ace!!

FX: DOCTOR RUNS OFF. ACE BANGS ON DOOR AGAIN.

ACE:
(BEHIND DOOR) Doctor, wait! Minutes ‘til what? You didn’t say! Minutes ‘til what?!

SCENE 14: INT. CONSERVATORY

FX: COLD ATMOS — GLASS CEILING, TILED FLOOR. TIME SCOOP IS IDLE BUT MAKES SOUNDS. DOCTOR HARES INSIDE, BRUSHING PAST FOLIAGE.

DOCTOR:
There you are! Norris' Timescoop. Quite a smart model too! (STOPS) Now, let's see if I can remember how to do this. It should be like falling off a bike…

FX: TAPS BUTTONS FRANTICALLY.

DOCTOR:
Adjust the chronophore trim here… reverse the polarity of the whatsit here…

FX: FINAL KEY TAP. POWER UP. TIMESCOOPED OUT, EFFECT AS BEFORE:

SCENE 15: INT. LIBRARY

FX: COUNTDOWN ONGOING. ACE MAKES A LAST BANG ON THE DOOR.

ACE:
Doctor…!!! (LOSING HOPE) Oh, what's keeping you…?

FX: TIMESCOOP. DOCTOR MATERIALISES.

DOCTOR:
And as if by magic…

ACE:
Doctor! (BEAT) Naah, that wasn't magic — was it?

DOCTOR:
Close-proximity spatial displacement, courtesy of Norris' timescoop.

ACE:
Ace! (BEAT) But couldn't you have just scooped me out of here?

DOCTOR:
That would have been too easy. (CROSSING TO MEMORIALISER) We've got to shut this machine down!

ACE:
What did you say it was? A 'memorialiser'?

DOCTOR:
An Aeorian Memorialiser [PRONOUNCIATION: 'A-YOUR-IAN']. A machine designed to consume the consciousnesses of the deceased, preserving their knowledge for all eternity.

ACE:
That doesn't sound so terrible.

DOCTOR:
It condenses the dear departed in the process, transforming their carbonised remains into a physical record.

ACE:
Like the book on the lectern, you mean? (READING TITLE) "Morecombe Unwise: A Short Life." Who's Morecombe Unwise?

DOCTOR:
Just another volume to add to Mister Norris's library. You see: the Memorialiser was never designed to be used on human subjects.

FX: COUNTDOWN STEPS UP A PITCH.

ACE:
Err, Doctor — we're down to two minutes. Hadn't you better turn that thing off, before we get paperbacked?

DOCTOR:
Absolutely. The question is: who's the murderer?

ACE:
You don't actually know how to turn it off, do you?

DOCTOR:
Of course I do! Input the name of the killer, and the condensing program will be aborted.

ACE:
I knew it! You're playing Norris's game!

SCENE 16: INT. DINING ROOM

BRYER:
Edwin, I…

NORRIS:
Too familiar, Mrs Bryer! (BEAT) You really are trying to incur my displeasure this evening, aren't you? What was your intention? To persuade the Doctor's companion to operate the Timescoop for you? Ha!

BRYER:
I'm so sorry, Mr Norris. I didn't [mean to]…

NORRIS:
(INTERRUPTING)
No matter. Despite your… error of judgement, it's all gone rather swimmingly. Now clear away the glasses.

BRYER:
Yes, Sir.

FX: BRYER BEGINS CLEARING THE TABLE.

SCENE 17: INT. LIBRARY

FX: 'COUNTDOWN' ONGOING.

DOCTOR:
(BECOMING SIGHTLY DESPERATE) Come on, Ace! Think! What are the typical murder mystery solutions?

ACE:
Errr… Norris has a twin?

DOCTOR:
No, it's just him and Bryer in the house.

ACE:
They both did it?

DOCTOR:
Norris and Bryer together? No — each was with us while poor Mr Morecombe made his unwise decision.

ACE:
Hang on. Maybe they all did it?

DOCTOR:
Elaborate, Ace.

ACE:
Well, if this memorial-whatsit extracts people's knowledge, or whatever…

DOCTOR:
Yesss…?

ACE:
What happens to their tortured, angry souls?

DOCTOR:
Ace, that's hardly scientific!

ACE:
Thing is, when I peeked inside here earlier, I could have sworn I heard a sort of anguished groaning…

FX: IN THE AIR, AS BEFORE:

TORTURED SOULS:
(AGONISED MOANING)

ACE:
Yeah, like that!

TORTURED SOULS:
(ANOTHER MOAN, AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER – CONTINUING TO COAGULATE AROUND THE DOCTOR AND ACE THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
Excess psycho-electrical energies, of course! The machine extracts knowledge and experience, but what about everything else?

ACE:
Yeah, their souls!

DOCTOR:
(REALISATION) Their souls are still inside the machine! The machine that's doing the killing!

ACE:
So the guests Norris has knocked off are the murderers…

DOCTOR:
And the murder weapon too!

FX: COUNTDOWN CHIRP BECOMES MORE INSISTENT.

ACE:
Right, then – how do we put that answer into the computer? We can't put all the names in – there must be hundreds of books. And we've got less than a minute! (BEAT) Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Got it! We copy the full memorialiser log into the terminal.

ACE:
Do it, then!

FX: TYPING. COPYING.

DOCTOR:
Done. Ready to confirm?

ACE:
Wait! Is Morecombe on that list?

DOCTOR:
(CHECKING) Errr – yes. Why?

ACE:
Well, he hasn't done anyone in yet. Has he?

DOCTOR:
Good thinking, Ace. Deleting Morecombe's record, now…

FX: KEY STROKES. DELETED. POWERING UP ACCELERATES AS…

TORTURED SOULS:
(GROANS BECOME ALMOST UNBEARABLE, SCREAMING TO A CRESCENDO)

DOCTOR:
This is it! — Ready?

ACE:
Just promise me, if we're wrong: I won't come back as something trashy, with metallic foil on the front?

CROSS TO:

SCENE 18: INT. DINING ROOM

FX: THE POWERING-UP CRESCENDO VIBRATES THROUGH THE ROOM, FROM OFF. THEN SUDDENLY CUTS OFF.

NORRIS:
(SIGHING, SATISFIED) The end of another successful evening.

FX: POURS WINE. DRINKS.

BEAT.

FX: DOOR CREAKS. THE DOCTOR AND ACE STEP IN.

DOCTOR:
Ah, Mister Norris! There you are.

NORRIS:
(SPLUTTERS ON MINE) What?! But [how]

ACE:
Turns out you're not as smart as you think, mate.

NORRIS:
(CALLING) Mrs Bryer! Fetch my pistols!!!

DOCTOR:
An interesting twist on the traditional murder mystery evening — making your murderees your murderers.

ACE:
'Twisted' is right!

NORRIS:
Thank you for your fascinating analysis, young lady.

ACE:
Spare us the sarcasm, mate. We won your stupid game. Now we get to claim the prize — isn't that right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Only we don't want it.

ACE:
We don't?

DOCTOR:
We have a not inconsiderable library of our own, in the TARDIS. The last thing we need is more books.

ACE:
Fair point. — So what do we want?

BRYER:
(ARRIVING) You called, Sir?

NORRIS:
Ah, the pistols. Good. Escort the Doctor and Ace back to the library, would you?

ACE:
Yeah, she's not gonna help you. She hates you just as much as everyone else here does.

NORRIS:
Ah, but I can bring Daniel back.

DOCTOR:
Daniel?

ACE:
Her husband. — Think about it, Mrs Bryer. He's just stringing you along. He can no more bring Daniel back than I can grow wings. He doesn't know how.

NORRIS:
Perfectly correct, my dear.

BRYER:
What?

NORRIS:
I don't know how to bring Daniel back. I don't know how to bring any of them back. All I ever wanted was to collect the greatest intellects in the galaxy.

DOCTOR:
But why, Norris? What was it for???

NORRIS:
(LOSING THE PLOT) So I'd be the smartest, of course!

ACE:
All this was to eliminate the competition?

DOCTOR:
So it would seem.

ACE:
He's a complete nutjob!

DOCTOR:
Again…

NORRIS:
You're going in my library, both of you. Mrs Bryer, lead them in!

BRYER:
But — you can't bring Daniel back…!

NORRIS:
I can't, you stupid woman! But the Doctor can!

ACE:
Eh?

NORRIS:
He thinks he knows everything! Of course he knows how to bring Daniel back! So put that knowledge in my library!

ACE:
The Doctor can't bring the dead back to life!

DOCTOR:
Well…

NORRIS:
See?! See?!?

DOCTOR:
I could leach the excess electrical energies from the machine, yes. But I'm not going to.

BRYER:
Why not?

DOCTOR:
Because the dead should stay dead, Mrs Bryer. I'm sorry.

ACE:
In an ideal world, yeah, but under the circumstances…

NORRIS:
Take them through, Mrs Bryer!

BRYER:
Doctor, Ace — move!!!

FX: ALL EXIT INTO:

SCENE 19. INT. LIBRARY

FX: DOOR KNOB TURNED.

NORRIS:
In you go. Doctor. “Ace”.

ACE:
Mrs Bryer, think about this!

BRYER:
If the Doctor won’t bring Daniel back, then I’ve no choice.

DOCTOR:
Do as he says, Ace.

NORRIS:
Excellent!

BRYER:
You too, Norris.

NORRIS:
What?!

BRYER:
(SHOVING HIM) I said, you too!

NORRIS:
(SHOVED INTO LIBRARY) Oof!

FX: DOORS BOLT AS BEFORE. NORRIS BEATS ON DOOR.

NORRIS:
Mrs Bryer. Mrs Bryer!!!

FX: COUNTDOWN NOISE STARTS UP AGAIN. MOANING SOULS GATHERING.

ACE:
Here we are again. Back in the frying pan. Least we know what to do.

DOCTOR:
I won, Ace. But I refused to take possession of the machine, when it was offered.

NORRIS:
So it’s still mine to control!

DOCTOR:
No, now it’s possessed itself.

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
Now we shall possess you…!

ACE:
Uh-oh…

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
With the Doctor's knowledge, we shall be complete! The greatest library in the galaxy!

ACE:
Is it just me, or is everyone here completely insane?

DOCTOR:
It's the machine that made them mad. That's why I can't bring anyone back.

NORRIS:
Doctor, I beg you — do something! There's still three minutes and forty-eight seconds on the clock!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
The countdown was only ever for effect. Now we will take our revenge — on you, Mister Norris!

NORRIS:
What? No — no!!! (SCREAMS AS…)

FX: VAPOURISATION/CONDENSATION EFFECT KICKS IN. THEN CUTS OFF SUDDENLY.

ACE:
He's vanished!

FX: THUMP AS A BOOK MATERIALISES ON THE LECTERN.

DOCTOR:
Condensed. (FX: FLICKS PAGES) Brought to book, you might say. What a disappointingly slim volume.

FX: THE MOANS GATHER AGAIN.

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
Now, Doctor. Now we shall absorb you…!

DOCTOR:
Yes, but why?

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
Just… because.

DOCTOR:
That's not a good enough reason!

ACE:
I told you. — Doctor, think of something!

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid our fate is no longer in our own hands. The machine will have to power itself down from the inside. (CALLING) Mister Norris! Are you still in there?!

NORRIS:
(GHOSTLY) Doctor? Doctor!!!

DOCTOR:
You can still do it. Delete the full memorialiser log!

NORRIS:
(GHOSTLY) Why should I?

ACE:
Because otherwise, they'll have outsmarted you! All of them!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
(CREEPY ETHEREAL LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR:
Hear that, Norris? They're laughing at you!

NORRIS:
(GHOSTLY) Laughing? At me? Well, I'll show them…!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
Norris, no!

NORRIS:
(GHOSTLY) Copy, paste — and enter!

MORECOMBE/OTHER TORTURED SOULS:
Noooo—

FX: SUDDENLY, MACHINE POWERS DOWN. ALL GHOSTLY MOANS CUT. DOOR BOLTS UNLOCK.

ACE:
Is that it?

DOCTOR:
The ghosts have been exorcised from the machine. It's over.

FX: QUICK FADE OUT.

SCENE 20: INT. PARLOUR

FX: FADE UP. CLINKING TEAPOT.

BRYER:
They were mad, of course. All of them. I see that now. But while there was the slightest chance, I had to take it — don't you see?

ACE:
I didn't mind making the tea, but I'm not sure I've got any sympathy.

DOCTOR:
And very good tea it is too, Ace. I think we can afford to be magnanimous, don't you?

ACE:
I guess.

DOCTOR:
The question is, Mrs Bryer — what will you do with the Library?

BRYER:
The Library?

DOCTOR:
The hard copies survive, Mrs Bryer. It's still a very fine collection. All that knowledge and experience mustn't go to waste.

BRYER:
I… I suppose…

DOCTOR:
In time, the Daniel Bryer Memorial Library might be as famous as… as, well, the Great Library of Alexandria!

BRYER:
Do you really think so?

DOCTOR:
I know so.

ACE:
Only you might want to categorise everything properly first?

BRYER:
I don't understand.

ACE:
Doctor, you still got Norris's book?

DOCTOR:
I do, yes. (FX: FLICKS PAGES) “Come Die With Me”, by Edwin Norris. What a title the Memorialiser gave it.

ACE:
Now I don’t know much about libraries, Mrs Bryer, but I promise you I know where this belongs. (BEAT) In the True Crime section.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME